

The
Frances Shimer
Record

February, 1916

Mount Carroll, Illinois

Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest.

FORM OF LEGACY

I also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO dollars for the purposes of the Academy, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago.

The Frances Shimer Record

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Henry S. Metcalf, M.D.

Henry Samuel Metcalf was born in Mt. Carroll, Illinois, July 14, 1853. His parents, Samuel Metcalf and Sarah K. Metcalf, were among the early settlers in this city and were of Puritan stock, many of whose good traits they transmitted to their son. He attended the public schools of Mt. Carroll, the academy in Beloit, and, in 1873, graduated from Beloit College with the degree of A.B., ranking among the best of his class of excellent students, many of whom have attained a state-wide fame in their chosen vocations. He taught several years in the high school in Mt. Carroll, after which he graduated in medicine in the medical department of Northwestern University, from that time practicing his profession in his home city up to the time of his death, which occurred at Freeport, Illinois, on December 15, when he was sixty-two years, five months, and one day of age. He was the only child of his parents and after the death of his mother he continued to live in the old home. He had few relatives but had a wide circle of friends. Regardless of creeds or social conditions, he was a friend to all. He was an ardent advocate of everything that advanced the good of the com-



HENRY SAMUEL METCALF, M.D.

1853-1915

munity in which he lived. He was public spirited and allowed no good cause to pass without his cordial moral and financial support.

He loved children and took a special interest in boys and young men. He was a man of strong convictions and decided opinions. He was a broad, cultured student from his youth, loving the beautiful in nature and in art.

His professional brothers testify to his loyalty and zeal for his patients: his sole purpose and aim was to bring them back to health and strength. He fell in the ranks while performing his duty as a physician, and he was just as brave a man and entitled to as much credit as if he had fallen in battle in defense of his country and its flag. He talked of death coolly and calmly; he knew it was coming with absolute certainty; he faced it without fear, it had no terrors for him. He had no regrets, for his life was clean. He wanted the long pain and agony to end and his wish was mercifully granted, so he passed quietly into that country where the storms of this life cannot reach him and where the weary traveler may lay down his load.

Dr. Metcalf will be longest remembered by those who knew him, not as a scholar, not as a doctor, nor as a student, but as a man and a loyal, just friend. His ideals were high and he lived up to those ideals as best he could. Few men came nearer attaining them than Dr. Metcalf.

For nearly twenty years he was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Frances Shimer School, and from 1904 until his death he was president of the Board. In 1906 and 1908 he gave a total of \$7,100 toward the erection of Hathaway and Metcalf Halls. In his will he made the School his residuary legatee. He gave the School much time as well as money, and bore faithfully his full share of responsibility, especially as a member of the Committee on Faculty. His services will be sorely missed.

The Home and Girlhood of Jane Addams

BY SARA HOSTETTER, '78

Jane Addams was born in the little town of Cedarville, six miles straight north of Freeport, Stephenson County, Illinois.

The road winds "up hill and down dale" but is a most beautiful drive. From each hilltop there opens to view a wonderful panorama of fertile fields stretching away into the distant hills and finally lost in the line of the horizon. No wonder Mr. Addams, a young man of far-seeing visions, should realize the possibilities in such a country, and

here, in the early forties, he came with his little family from Pennsylvania, and built the house and mill on the ground they now occupy beside Cedar Creek, a stream much like Mt. Carroll's Waukarusa with the same limestone cliffs. Here first Mr. Addams was the miller, all-important in those days, for bread was indeed "the staff of life." He always gave the mill his personal supervision, as long as he lived, but soon grew into other lines of business, and was for many years and stormy ones a leading citizen of Illinois. He became interested in banking and drove twice a week to Freeport. Promptly at nine o'clock on Wednesday and Saturday mornings, the carriage was at the door, and year after year the fine, stately gentleman, wearing high silk hat and black stock, two characteristics of his dress, could be met morning and evening driving the well-kept gray team, which was so well trained that it knew where to avoid the bumps and straddle the ditches. Everybody knew Mr. Addams, and the ring of good cheer and cordiality in his greeting was a treat to hear. It was all so exact, so orderly and correct, as were all his business and social methods. No wonder Jane Addams' greatest hero was her father. We children all liked him and always anticipated with keen delight this drive behind the grays and his hearty welcome.

At Cedarville nature laid a lavish hand in practical as well as beautiful ways, and Mr. Addams knew where improvements would count for most. The mill dam was built and the mill race ran along the side of the hill in front of the house. Great old elm trees still stand there throwing their long graceful shadows over the spot where the mill stood until two years ago.

Instead of going to decay the old landmark was lifted from its foundation and moved a little journey down the hill across the creek. The wonderful old hardwood, hewn timbers were used in making a substantial barn. The old mill's outline or maybe its ghost can easily be recognized, and here it is likely to stand a hundred years longer.

A high hill overlooks the little town so foreign in its old-fashioned outlines. On this high point, Mr. Addams planted seeds of Norway pine, now grown into a crowning glory of green as beautiful in winter as in summer.

One cannot know Cedarville nor realize anything about the girlhood environment of Jane Addams, without climbing the Pine Hill, or exploring the many glens, caves, springs, and cliffs that abound, all of them having wonderful histories and romances imagined by the young people that grew up among them.

In this quiet, beautiful spot, away from "the madding crowd," Jane Addams was born. What could there be here to awaken in a

young girl's heart the purpose and desire to go out into the world to relieve suffering humanity?

Bastien-Lepage has painted Joan of Arc receiving her message beside a tiny cottage overshadowed by blossoming trees. Did Jane's message come that way whispered in the shade of the pines and the bubbling of the creek? Mr. Addams at this time was a prominent and influential statesman and our country was beginning its horrible war tragedy. Psychology, if we knew it, might explain why our philanthropist was born such.

Jane Addams' mother died when she was a wee girl and when she was eight years old Mr. Addams married again, a brilliant, handsome woman who brought much good taste and culture into the home. She had two sons, one a year younger than Jane, and he for many years was brother and playmate.

The village school was good, for Mr. Addams planned that it should be. Jane had three sisters and one brother, she being the youngest of Mr. Addams' five children.

From the village school Jane entered Rockford Seminary (now Rockford College) and her stepbrother Beloit College.

These young people were taught to be a part of things, were supposed to know and talk about books, music, and people. Many distinguished men of the time came to the house both on business and on pleasure. It was a good place to visit and there was always something new for the shy little cousins that came as visitors.

Just about the time the children were studying anatomy Jane had a passion for collecting bones of all sorts. Her dresser was a work of art with yards and yards of the vertebrae of snakes strung and festooned about. They were pretty, too, bleached white and clean as they lay in sun and shower along creek and hillside. A little more uncanny were the bones of a human arm, in the bottom drawer of the dresser, that Jane at the instigation of a doctor brother had prepared herself. The writer today has a card of black pasteboard with figure of skull and crossbones cut carefully out of white paper and pasted on the black background, signed on the opposite side in purple ink "Jane Addams, 1875." It was felt a great compliment to receive this card at the time, and after the long years a treasure indeed—a curiosity of the time when our heroine was so interested in anatomy that she thought a card with skull and crossbones a very suitable "coat-of-arms," so to speak.

Jane Addams was not what the average person would call a pretty girl. She had great gray-blue eyes that sometimes seemed too large for her delicate body, and she held her head a little on one side owing

to some spinal curvature. But she was not "homely" as she calls herself.

She was always neat and fresh-looking and did not get mussed and dirty like most children. She wore tiny gold earrings, our wonder and admiration. Ah, but she was so sweet and gentle and good, everybody loved her; and in schools she was a leader, as she is today, at the head of things, but things with ideals more than ordinary.

In this quest of the children after knowledge it was not always anatomy. Fields were roamed, bluffs were climbed for specimens of wild flowers, rare herbariums were made and they knew and loved all the trees and wild flowers. Young people did not speak of biology, it was botany—and the flowers in all their beauty of form and color, not the wonders of cell growth and the like. All this with the microscope came later. The quaint old attic in the house at Cedarville is full of treasures of these times, and in nearly every nook and corner books and pictures abound.

Miss Addams knows most of the best music and many great musicians and thoroughly enjoys concert and opera. When a girl she could not sing a tune. She had a good conception of rhythm but was never sure of pitch. It was a rare treat when we could get her to sing "The Mistletoe Bough." She liked the tragedy and its musical setting (so did we) and always rendered it most dramatically. The sentiment and rhythm were there but it was mostly a monotone voice. She never seemed to mind how much we laughed, though the fate of the poor bride should have brought forth tears of pity. Jane delighted also in singing hymns, and always sang in the quiet little Presbyterian church where she went every Sunday with her father. One warm summer day it chanced that we two girls went to church alone. There were few people present and the choir seats quite empty. There was nobody to start the tunes but the minister, who gave the pitch so high that only one voice way off in a corner tried to reach it. But Jane did not seem to mind; she stood up and sang with all seriousness. Shall I say what became of the writer? She sat down with all due reverence to the singers and buried her face in her hands, overcome by the situation.

"I am ashamed to giggle," Miss Addams said to me once. "But with you and Mary C. I am always guilty of it." Today she believes much more in "a little nonsense now and then" than she did in her young seriousness.

One of the fashionable and favorite games we played was "Capping Verses." We played it almost anywhere at any time. As a result we knew hundreds of quotations from hymns to Shakespeare. We came to

know pretty well what quotation to expect. If Jane got the letter *P* we expected to hear:

Pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snowfall on the river,
 A moment seen then lost forever;
 Or like the Borealis face,
 Evanishing, ere you can point their place.

Or if an *A* turned up: "All the world's a stage," etc. No matter what the letter, I am sure even *X* and *Z* had quotations.

Miss Addams' girlhood was in many ways unusual, but, after all, quite normal too. The ways of the home were like those of any family of comfortable means, living in the country, and having ideals of refinement and cultured taste. There are a few old people still living in Cedarville who speak of Miss Addams and address her as "Janie." She began to be decidedly Jane about the time of her graduation from Rockford Seminary. Just one more story of this summer. In company with two young friends a trip was made to Niagara Falls, from Milwaukee to Buffalo by boat, one of the first long trips unchaperoned. I remember distinctly a beautiful black hat trimmed with glorious dark red silk poppies (her class flower). It was most becoming and as Jane's hats were always out of the usual order this was not an exception, and something unusual almost *did* happen; it nearly fell overboard as we were dreaming in the moonlight, heads on the railing. It was rescued with a quick grab but a little book dear to Jane's heart went into Lake Michigan. A picture taken at this time (tintypes were the fashion) shows the three girls standing on a *rag rug* at the very edge of the American Falls, apparently just ready to fall over. But Jane is nearest the edge looking oh! so serious! By some unlucky fate she had lost her return ticket to Chicago, and she said the Falls said to her all day, "Lost your ticket, Lost your ticket," the cars said, "Lost your ticket, ticket"; and her worry was that her father would think her careless and carelessness he could not abide. But Jane Addams careless is an impossible idea. She never had "loads of things" left over to do. To spring out of bed mentally, if not always physically, alert for the day's duties was part of her early philosophy. She never spent much time over trifles or folded her hands idly. If she did housework, she did it well and quickly. She liked home and sometimes homely duties, and she was a good cook, always wishing and looking for the artistic note somewhere in it. One of her delights was an open hearthfire of good snapping

wood, a dish of golden bellflower apples, a good friend or two, and she could be happy or lazy a little while. Today she has this liking for the hearthfire and the apples too.

There are many things in looking back over the years that show why Miss Addams has become so famous. Of course her work from a small beginning has grown, but it has never outgrown her. She has grown with it and often beyond it, ready for greater tasks.

I am perfectly sure the greatest element leading to her success, has been first of all the unselfish spirit coupled with her fearless, tireless ability to work. She has time to be loyal to old friends, never forgetting them in the new and greater world which claims her. If honor and often adoration in the heart of some suffering soul have come to her, she can indeed rejoice.

Only bodily weakness has kept her from leading the movement for peace in Europe. The Peace Commission from neutral countries was her hope for a time. Now she has been ordered to California for complete rest but takes with her the hope in her heart that she may go to Europe in the spring.

A Glimpse of New Orleans

BY ALICE F. BRÄUNLICH

Of course I had heard that New Orleans was beautiful. The friend who induced me to plan my western trip so as to include this city described it as "this earthly paradise, this Rome of Italy." But I supposed that that was hyperbole. Besides, she wrote in February, and my visit fell in the end of June, a poor time, I thought, for a first glimpse of New Orleans. I came prepared to be disappointed, and I left with impressions of unanticipated charm.

Out of the bustling railway station my friend and her husband led me into a moonlit night. Moonlight disclosed square, massive buildings and, at the end of the street, a gleaming monumental column. By moonlight palms loomed high, and all unfamiliar shapes of trees seemed doubly fantastic. A short walk, and we entered a wide boulevard bordered with shrubbery and flowers and with twin rows of stately palms. Electric bulbs, outdazzling the moon, shed their light upon high iron fences, beyond which, in shadow, lay mysterious gardens and imposing mansions. A swift ride in a jitney, down St. Charles Avenue (for so, my friends said, the boulevard was called), a turn into a side street, and there we were, at the door of Professor and Mrs. M——'s home.

Here again the moonlight revealed to me a new sight; for in a room upstairs it fell upon a small, white iron bed, where slept the little "Rikele," whom I had never seen. There she lay, while her mother and I gazed admiringly upon her, her curly head half turned from us and her chubby limbs glowing, even in that pale light, with the ruddy hue of health. "You may kiss her," said her mother. "It will not awaken her." So I pressed my lips cautiously to her delicate cheek. It was the only kiss I had from her, for "Rikele" was shy, and, though we became friends before I left, she would permit no liberties.

Mrs. M—— and I descended to the dining-room, where a feast of sea-food was spread. I think it was crabs this time, but it may have been shrimps or lobster. All these dainties abound in New Orleans and, skilfully prepared in Creole style by the M——s' black Susie, were bounteously served to my appreciative inland palate. Over our plates Professor M—— spoke of the delights of living in New Orleans. Starting from the material blessings of seafoods and perennial vegetables and fruits, he went on to describe the genial social life of the city, the capacity of its people for enjoyment. Unlike the northern metropolis where he had formerly lived, New Orleans was not, he said, the home of moneygetters. No one seemed to care whether he grew rich, if only he might enjoy. "It is as in Germany," said Mr. M——, "as in my old home town. It is *gemütlich* here. There is not the bustle of your northern cities; people move quietly and serenely."

His wife, however, added—perhaps because she is a loyal northerner—that the lack of enterprise had its drawbacks. "We can't get a baker to deliver bread to us," she complained. "When we came here we saw an advertisement of the various kinds of bread on sale at one of the stores downtown. There were some twelve kinds, including the *Pumpernickel* of which Mr. M—— is so fond. 'How splendid!' we thought. 'We can have a different sort every day.' But when we came to order, we were told that if we wanted the bread delivered we should have to take the same kind every time; for it was too much trouble to keep track of the varieties!"

If New Orleans resembles in spirit a city of South Germany—some dreamy, pleasure-loving town in Swabia—it is, of course, far more French than German. To me, at least, its most distinctive charm is the French Quarter.

How quaint are those roughly paved streets hemmed in by grimy, stucco buildings! How antique those small, deep windows with their rusty-hinged green blinds! How curious are the painted signs on the shop-fronts; queer, faded, black letters that spell French words! How

It is only northerners who walk to the hot sun of New Orleans with their coats and umbrellas. Being northerners, Mrs. M. and I walk to the sun again and yet again. We go to Jackson Square to inspect the Cabildo and the old Cathedral. We are delighted by the sight of old China and tape, and impressed by the formidable array of historical documents and portraits. With Rikala to follow between us, we make an excursion to one of the parks; for there are several that are large and picturesque, beautiful with avenues of venerable, ancient live oaks. We visit the grounds of Tulane University and Newcomb College, to the latter of which these same oaks may be seen, lately in full and in the village "Newcomb embroidery." We walk through one of the curious old cemeteries where, owing to the climate, all the dead are laid above ground, then on floor, in vaults that recall the columbaria of the ancient Romans.

One delightful day we spend on the Gulf, down at Bilbe. We sit on the white sand beneath a spreading pine looking out over the calm blue waves and breathing the balmy air which I called "Laney," brought from the Bahamas. We take a launch ride over to Deer Island, and are caught on the landing by a wind and thunder storm. Three fire-breasted officers, born with a shelter which they have conceived by fastening a sail to some posts. "It's blowed and rained this way every day for two weeks," one of these old tars informed us; and after a laughing squall at this, he added, "It'll be twenty minutes." In exactly twenty minutes the rain suddenly stopped and the gale abated. The sun came out and dried our clothes, for the canopy had been less effective to ward off rain than to add to our adventure the zest of sudden conversation.

Not over and above the French Quarter draw us. We came early in the morning (while Rikala still slept) and stayed long. We watched our eyes on the picturesque corners of the street, while our hearts found more bitter food in the haggard looks of those who inhabited the houses.

"I wish," I remarked to Mr. M. in a half-festive tone, "that I might be a social worker here. He likes the human interest, think of the satisfaction of living in these surroundings."

"Yes," rejoined my friend in the same tone, "and the savor of earth would be far more agreeable than the incense scent which elsewhere pervades the atmosphere of wilderness."

My International School Days

A Day in Germany

BY CELESTINE DAHMEN

It is the month of February, not in this year, nor in this country, Reader, but far away in Germany, two years ago. For you and I are once more following Schatzi in her travels and today we shall visit her in her school in Wiesbaden. Reader, have you ever dreamed in the self-same night, two dreams—the first one beautiful, and happy, and full of love—and the second one a nightmare, with anger, fear, and hate? Then you will understand, a little, Schatzi's feelings. On our last visit to her we saw her in her first dream, the beautiful, happy one but now we find her plunged suddenly in the midst of the other dream, that black, horrid nightmare! After you have once awakened from a nightmare don't you like to put it out of your mind, and keep it out forever? Well, so do I, Reader, so please let us hurry through with this visit as quickly as ever we can! This school, the best in Wiesbaden and the one to which the girls of the best families go as day pupils, is owned by two sisters, Fräulein Eugenia and Fräulein Schauss. A great, tall, iron fence surrounds the bit of garden in front, and the bare little playground in the back, and forms an iron wall to the "prison"—the big, gloomy, stone schoolhouse itself. As we enter, the breakfast bell is ringing, and the girls are hurrying down into the dining-room, fearful lest they be a minute late, which would mean the prayers to learn by heart, and no dessert for dinner, and, worst of all, a dreadful scolding from Fräulein Schauss. When they are all seated, Fräulein Schauss, short, ugly, and like a witch, peers over her spectacles at each girl in turn and then begins to read the morning prayers. Pages and pages of fine-sounding phrases, they are, but somehow, read by that voice which is so hated and feared, they do not sink into our hearts and might far better have been left unread altogether! After prayers each one receives a cup of coffee and two dry rolls. That is all. No butter, no jelly, no anything, only the two dry rolls, but these *must* be eaten. Not a pleasant breakfast this and not a happy band that eat it—eighteen young girls, mostly German, a few foreign, from England, America, Brazil, Holland, and France; and two governesses, English and French, poor, miserable creatures, who are treated like slaves and haven't the spirit to murmur a remonstrance! Blamed for everything they do and everything they don't do and for everything that anyone else does and doesn't do, as well!

After breakfast we follow Schatzi up to her room, a big, bare "cell" with three feather beds, a chair, a washstand, and a wardrobe. The walls are white and bare, pictures are forbidden, and there is only the little American flag, keeping watch over Schatzi's bed. She fought long and hard with Fräulein Schauss on account of it—neither would give in, so now it stays bravely up for part of the time and is violently discarded on those occasions when the "tyrant" passes by. Just now Schatzi is diligently putting her things away. Nothing must be left in the room except a comb and brush in the washstand drawer, a few handkerchiefs, and her nightgown and bathrobe in the wardrobe. Everything else is kept in cupboards in the attic and these can be opened only twice a day for a few minutes at a time. If by chance any tiny thing is left in the bedrooms or is out of order in the cupboards a fine is charged. There are many of these fines for other offenses as well; if a girl kisses another girl it costs her twelve cents, if anyone is called by nickname the charge is a quarter, if a chair is tilted backward, ten cents, etc. The money from these fines was for "the poor"—and *from* "the poor" as well—from poor tyrannized girls, helpless in the power of a petty "despot"!

As soon as the school bell rings the bedrooms must be vacated for the day. To insure the keeping of this rule, Fräulein Eugenia locks each door herself, and keeps the key safe in her pocket. Once, a long time ago, Schatzi and her friend Joey, the pretty girl from Holland, were in their room talking. Suddenly they heard footsteps and so they hid quickly in the big wardrobe, a key turned, the lock clicked, and tremblingly they realized that the door was shut and that they were caught sure! In desperation, and willing to risk anything rather than to be found in their room, they tied sheets together, and were just about to let themselves down the two stories off the balcony, when—oh! horrors!—Fräulein Eugenia heard them and opened the door and—oh! the storms that followed! Tears, and punishments, and dreadful, dreadful words of hate! And now Schatzi and Joey submit to this rule also and today we see them going arm in arm toward the schoolrooms.

These are in a separate wing of the house and they accommodate classes for girls of six to twenty years of age. Most of the instructors are men, professors from the big high schools and colleges of the city. They are all learned instructors and the very best available—and yet are there not some things as important as lessons, which these German professors can never, never teach? Stand out here in the hall a little while and listen. Every few minutes from some schoolroom you will hear a raging and bellowing and scolding until your very shoe tops

shake and tremble with fear. What dreadful deed has been done, do you think, to evoke such terrible anger? But, dear Reader, if you came day after day, and day after day, you would always find the very same state of affairs. It is the common method of instruction wherever Prussian rule prevails. If, during the lesson, the professor is annoyed by some little sound outside, or the scratching of a pen, or the second's inattention of a pupil, straightway he jumps up out of his chair and pours forth a rich, volcanic flow of fiery words, directed at anyone and everyone, guilty or innocent. Suddenly he subsides, continues with the lesson at the exact word with which he left off, and temporary peace reigns in the schoolroom. The pupils submit to this administration as a matter of course, knowing that their turn will come as soon as they grow up. The lesson of self-control does not enter into the school curriculum in Germany.

At ten-thirty there is a short recess and the house pupils are each given a roll to eat, a dry roll with a slice of meat or cheese. This only half satisfies their hunger, but it is no use accepting sandwiches from the day pupils. That, too, Schatzi and Joey tried one day but with such disastrous consequences that they preferred to go hungry thereafter. Lessons continue until one o'clock and then the day pupils leave for their homes and families, and good dinners, while the rest, the boarding pupils, wait wearily around until Fräulein Schauss sees fit to order dinner. There were days when Schatzi and Joey were so very, very hungry, and the dinner bell seemed to be silent forever, that they would steal into some of the empty schoolrooms and look for the crusts that had been thrown away! Even those were better than the food that Fräulein Schauss gave them.

And when dinner does come it is no pleasant meal. Each day of the week there is the same bill of fare as on the same day of the week before, and so on into eternity! Also girls and teachers are forced to eat the given quantity of whatever is set before them and woe to the luckless one who remonstrates!

After dinner comes the walk with the governess. The beautiful, wide boulevards of Wiesbaden are forbidden, also the shop districts, but, marching by twos in commanded silence, "the prisoners" are led through miles of narrow, ugly, rough streets, where the houses are built right to the sidewalks, and where there is nothing beautiful to lighten the weariness. After this they are refreshed by coffee and rye bread. Rye bread is served at supper too, rye bread which is bought once a week and must not be eaten when fresh but is forced down in great quantities when it is so hard that a knife can scarcely cut it!

path and the turn at the bottom on the frozen creek? How you enjoyed that dangerous turn! To be sure, there was a lantern hung on the old oak tree, but it shed little light. How joyous sounded the merry peals of laughter, as the unskillful pilot let the sled overturn? Later, there were the warming up and drying out by the camp fire on the top of the hill and the lunch of wieners and buns and toasted marshmallows. Then, as the fire died down, the party broke up. You took your place in the bob and away you flew over the snowy road, breaking the stillness with the merry high-school songs. O, girl of the small town, can you ever forget those coasting parties?

Your Home Town and Mine

BY VIVIAN SHUMWAY

In your home town and in mine things are quite different from those of which your friends of Shelbyville, Indiana, and of Bryan, Ohio, boast. Do you remember how proud you were when you went home for Christmas vacation and found the new electric lights installed? And boulevard lights down the three blocks of Main Street? In such a town, the post-office and the telephone exchange are the common public gathering-places; the post-office, after the daily eastern mail, and the telephone exchange, to hear the gossipy farmer's wife call up her neighbor to say:

"Hello, Lil, whatchu' bin a-doin'?"

"Ain't a' bin a-doin' nuthin'."

"Oh, ain't yu' bin a-doin' nuthin'?"

From the time you "started" to school you knew that some day you would create a maximum amount of excitement in the little town by going away to college. Your departure was so important to you and to all the people of the town that, when you came to Frances Shimer, you were almost disappointed with the commonplace atmosphere. You lived for that date in December when you could go home for the first time. And when it finally came ——! It seemed that the train moved like a tortoise and that the three hundred miles was a continental journey. At Hopeful (nearly home) you saw the president of your school board, a genial, white-haired old man, whom you very nearly embraced because he was one of the "home-folks." Of course his first question was, "Where did you say you went to school?"

And you proudly recited, "I attend the Junior College of the Frances Shimer School of the University of Chicago. It is situated in Mt. Carroll, Illinois."

"Oh yes, I remember now, that's where your brother is in school, isn't it?"

seek the by-paths or go with the purpose of finding them. They are usually built of split logs, the chinks being stuffed with clay, and are set up from the ground on piles of stones. Each house has a stone fireplace with a hearthstone which is used for a cuspidor. Some of them boast windows but they are very small and usually patched with paper. There are only one or two rooms in each house; therefore every room is a bedroom. I have seen three large beds in one small room, and as the families are usually rather large, the story of a gentleman who once had occasion to sleep in a mountain home seems very credible. He says that he was ushered into the second room of this house and asked to choose his bed. He picked out a particularly large comfortable looking one and retired into its downy depths, dropping asleep before the rest of the family went to bed. When he awakened in the morning he found four other people in bed with him.

It is often said that the mountaineer is just one hundred years behind the times. Spinning-wheels, wool-carders, looms, tallow candles, mortars, and pistons are not on exhibition in the mountain homes; they are in use. Imagine then what it means to have a girl from such a home go to the city to boarding-school, or I might better say imagine what it means for her to come back from boarding-school to her mountain home.

The mountain girl is a girl of wonderful possibilities, usually strong in physique and adaptable in mind, although suspicious of new ideas. She is very self-respecting, exceedingly sensitive and proud in spite of her worn shoes and patched dress. Well she may be, for some of the best blood in our country flows through her veins. Most of the mountain people came from east of the Blue Ridge Mountains, the charm of hunting luring on their forefathers. Others came from the mountainous regions of Scotland. The Whiskey Rebellion in Pennsylvania also sent many settlers to this part of the country, so that we find many of our fine old eastern family names among the southern mountain people.

Upon the shoulders of the women and girls rests all the burden of rearing the children, caring for the house, live stock, and fields. They are busy from morning till night, washing, sweeping, mending, cooking, spinning, weaving, sewing, farming, milking, shooing the pigs off the steps, and minding the children. No wonder when night comes they are "plumb clean worn to a frazzle," as they say. I suppose it is needless to add that they have no time left for education.

The girls at the Presbyterian "Normal and Collegiate Institute for Young Women" are no less busy than their overworked mothers back in the mountains. Their work, however, is not of such an exhausting

Editorials



Preparedness! That is a word everyone is using in connection with the safety and defense of our country. But we can use it in a different sense in regard to our studies. Yes, you are right, exams are safely over, and the finals are a long way off. Yet don't you remember when you were cramming for design, Latin, or botany, or whatever it was, how bitterly you blamed yourself for not getting it firmly in mind at the very first? Then, too, when you were chewing the end of your pen in agony and the girl next to you was writing steadily along, you registered a solemn vow to study with all your might the next semester.

Therefore, start your campaign for preparedness right away. Make your defenses strong by studying now. Then when the dread enemy, exams, approaches, your weapons will be sharp and ready for the onslaught.

"Towser is the most senseless dog I ever saw," is a remark we have often heard, and—even uttered ourselves. But the truth is, our one and only dog, Towser, is a very much maligned animal. As the guardian of a girls' school for fourteen years, he is entitled to more respect.

He is one of the few here who witnessed the fire ten years ago. Dashing here and there, barking madly, he saw the grand piano sliding to safety, heavy carpets almost falling on the rescuers, and the table silver, syrup jugs, and tablecloths flung in a sticky heap on the lawn. Then wondering in his doglike way, he watched a great bustle and stir. The school was going to be rebuilt. One by one, Towser saw the new halls going up until he looked upon them all, West, Metcalf, College, and Science.

Every fall he has watched the arrival of all sorts of girls, tall, thin girls and short, pudgy girls, homesick girls and laughing girls, glad to be back. In the same way, he has seen the faculty come and go. Young, frivolous teachers, serious-minded teachers, with a train of letters after their names, absent-minded and alert, they have all passed before the brown eyes of Towser.

He faithfully follows you, bound on a picnic, bravely guarding you from all possible dangers in return for a few scraps. He has even been known to lend his dignified presence to the ballroom. Then in the long

for exams. The Dean told us to start our new semester by getting each day's lessons each day and we should find that the examinations would not be such a horror to us. He also told us to make our ideal not 60 but 90. Let's try his idea; most of us will find it beneficial.

The Dean spoke Tuesday morning, February 1, on Wilson's change of policy in the matter of "Preparedness."

A record by Caruso from the opera *Aida* was enjoyed Thursday morning, February 3.

On Friday, February 4, Miss Winifred Inglis read an interesting paper on the plot of *King Lear*.

February 9, 1916, marks the tenth anniversary of the fire which destroyed East, Center, and South halls. The Dean related various amusing incidents of the fire, as well as the tragic part of it.

On Friday, February 11, Miss Eunice Shannon sang "Teach Me to Pray," by Jewitt.

Y.W.C.A. Notes

The time of the Y.W.C.A. Friday evening meetings has been changed to 6:15 with the result that more girls attend and show renewed interest. The following are the subjects and leaders for December and January:

December 3.—Leader: Ethel Swanson. Subject: "Friendship."

December 10.—Leader: Marion Weinstein. Subject: "A Christmas Story."

January 7.—Leader: Winifred Inglis. Subject: "By the Fountain of Energy."

January 14.—Leader: Dorothy Fargo. Subject: Song Service.

January 21.—Leader: Miss Bräunlich. Subject: "Pippa Passes."

On Wednesday morning, January 2, Miss Trego, the national Y.W.C.A. secretary for county work in the central field, gave a very interesting and inspiring talk in the chapel. She told about the Eight-Week Clubs which are being formed everywhere throughout the United States to enable the country girls to enjoy some of the advantages of the college girl.

Events

The Christmas Party

The annual Christmas party, given by the Y.W.C.A., took place in College parlors, the Monday before Christmas vacation. The program consisted of the renewing of old customs, viz., the burning of the Christmas fagots, the lighting of the Christmas candles, and the hanging of the Christmas wreaths; several selections by the Christmas

her artistic vocal work, but also by her rare personal charm which manifested itself at all times but especially in her response to insistent demands for encores. Mr. Charles Lurvey, at the piano, proved himself an artist of unusual worth in his beautiful and sympathetic accompaniments and the singer deservedly included him in the applause. All told, it was a memorable evening.

The Susan C. Colver Lecture

On December 7, Dean Shailer Mathews, of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, inaugurated the lectureship founded by Mr. and Mrs. Jesse L. Rosenberg of Chicago, in honor of Mrs. Rosenberg's mother. Mr. Mathews spoke on "The United States and Its Oriental Relations," giving an account of his experiences in Japan as a delegate of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. The School is greatly indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberg for their gift. Another year instead of a single lecture the plan is to have two or three on subjects connected with the work in home economics.

Lecture by Dr. Fuller

On January 21, Dr. Fuller, of the Department of Botany of the University of Chicago, gave an illustrated lecture on the vegetation of sand dunes along the shores of Lake Michigan. His slides were especially interesting to us because Miss Morrison was a member of the party from the University of Chicago which snapped the pictures on their forest ecology trip last summer.

Lecture by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs

For the second time in the last two years, the F.S.S. students had the pleasure of hearing Mr. John Kendrick Bangs give one of his humorous lectures. His subject was "More Salubrities I Have Met," and he left the audience with a clear impression of his distinction between salubrities and celebrities. Mr. Bangs was the guest of the Frances Shimer School and was given an informal reception by the delighted girls.

The Movies at F.S.S.

Hooray! At last our longing is satisfied. Who said a boarding-school could not have really truly moving pictures, just like those we see in Orchestra Hall or at the Studebaker in Chicago? They certainly were mistaken, for F.S.S. has the real thing. Mary Pickford in *Esmeralda*; and just when we were most anxious to see something entertaining and amusing to drive away all thoughts of those anything but

Before and after Taking

Before:

Midyear exams with threatening hand
 Sweep again o'er all the land,
 And boys and girls most everywhere
 Cry out these words in deep despair:
 "Oh, had I only not been lazy
 My knowledge now would be less hazy!
 But henceforth and forever more
 I'll study hard!" That was before.

After:

Now exams are o'er and done.
 The next semester has begun,
 And what a term 'tis going to be!
 And what a change teachers will see!
 But, alas! most sad to say,
 Those fine resolves did fade away.
 The perils past, they met their death.
 "That's human nature," a wise man saith.

C. D.

The Burglar

Dark it was, and twelve at night
 When all alone, in bed of white,
 Within the sick ward's closed doors,
 Our Evlyn darling let forth snores.

All at once, Oh, hush! Oh, hark!
 A stealthy form moved in the dark.
 A window creaked. Our Evlyn woke.
 The form crept near, but never spoke.

One fearful shriek that rent the air!
 Then help and lights came on a tear!
 There sat the burglar without fail,
 Blinked at the lights and wagged his tail.

C. D.

Exchanges

Maroon and White.—We enjoy your enthusiastic magazine and hope you will come again.

Picket and College Breezes.—Would it not improve your paper to have a few stories in it?

The Midway.—You have a live magazine. You are fond of breezy comments in the Exchanges.

Mrs. Clyde M. Wolfe, '02, Plainfield, Ill., writes that her husband, Clyde M. Wolfe, is embarking in the banking business in their home town.

Charlotte Stiefel is taking kindergarten work at the Teachers College in Indianapolis, Ind., and speaks of having met Dorothy Britton, here in 1914.



JOHN KNIGHT HARRIS

Son of Dr. and Mrs. Henry John (Dora Knight) Harris
Washington, D.C.

Frances Roberts, '11, writing from Chicago, tells of visiting Corine Hutchinson Zyhll at Lake City, Iowa, and of her plan to visit Hazel Hayden in St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Hattie P. McKee recently received pictures from Mrs. Pearl Sandusky Allen of herself and her children. Mrs. Allen was a student in 1899 and is living in Covington, Ind.

Miss Lucille Deutsche, '13-'15, has entered the business world and is in the central offices of the Western Union Telegraph Company, Jackson Blvd. and LaSalle St., Chicago.

Christmas greetings came from Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Hubbard (Dorothy Truesdale, '12-'13) and Harriet Frances Hubbard, the baby daughter, from their home in Conneaut, Ohio.

Caryl Cook, New York City, writes of having spent a profitable year in the study of dramatic art in New York and that she now contemplates giving interpretations of well-known plays while on a tour in the West. The *New York Herald* of February 7 carries a notice of a recital by her in Carnegie Hall and speaks highly of her work.

Eva Roberts, Junior College '11, writes that she cannot get along without the *Record*; that Frances has been visiting Miss Johnson and Mary Hall, and that Frances and Mary planned to visit Frances Shimer during this month. She spent a pleasant afternoon with Mary Joslyn who expected to remain in Los Angeles through the summer, and met Hazel Cooper Lynch during last summer and tells of sending the class letter of 1909 to Josephine Woost Bearden.

In a Christmas letter "Mother Allen," who is with friends at Pekin, Ill., this year, says: "Greetings came from the north, south, east, and west from girls who have gone out from under your care, whom we love and who still retain their devotion to F.S.S. and the good influences there that helped shape their lives. Memory has kept me visiting with Frances Shimer girls and with you for more than a week and has given me a great amount of pleasure." All Frances Shimer girls who came under the sweet influence of Mrs. Allen many years at Frances Shimer will be glad to know that she is much improved in health.

Many friends of Miss Howard, former instructor in vocal music, will be glad to know that she is much in demand both as teacher and as soloist in Cleveland, Ohio, where she has taken up her residence. In addition to a large class of private pupils, she has charge of the chorus work in one of the important churches of the city, and also trains a chorus of one of the model factories of Cleveland, where much welfare work is done. Recently she sang before the Fortnightly, the best musical club of Cleveland, of which she is an active member. Miss Howard has also appeared at Western Reserve University where she was engaged as soloist at a large reception.

Since the December *Record* went to press the following subscriptions have been received: Evelyn Nelson, Princeton, Ill.; Mrs. Frances Walker Clarke, Calamus, Iowa; Mrs. Elva Calkin Briggs, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mariam Sampson, Galena, Ill.; Gladys D. Smith, Painesville, Ohio; Dorothy Wright, Columbia, S.D.; Abbie L. Bosworth, Elgin, Ill.; Lynn Waddell, Albright, W.Va.; Helen Ceiseman, Shannon, Ill.; Mrs. J. D. Kirkland, Hamlin, Tex.; Mrs. B. A. Kinsley, McGregor, Iowa; Mildred Rindesbacher and Lora Parker, Stockton, Ill.; Miss Rose Glass, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. John Hay, Ruth Petty, and Esther Clark, Mt. Carroll, Ill.; Mary Fry, Cedarville, Ill.; Mrs. Pricilla Pollock Bell, Denver, Colo.; Katherine Barrett, Chicago, Ill.; Belle Gale Bement, Kilbourn, Wis.; Kathryn Muir, Beaver Dam, Wis.

The Christmas Fire

Sit here with me and watch the Christmas fire;
It somehow draws and holds and casts a spell.
Perhaps it's all my fancy, but to me

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Morrasy, Sheffield, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. LePelly, Freeport, Ill.; Nellie V. Rice, Mt. Carroll, Ill.; Martha and Carolyn Green, Chicago; Ruth Crocker, Maroa, Ill.; Miss Grace Pierson, Trumansburg, N.Y.; Marion Burr, Chicago; Evelyn Swanson, Bishop Hill, Ill.; Ella Derbyshire, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Mary Dixon, Washington, D.C.; Lillian Holderman, Paxton, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mann, Palatka, Fla.; Marie Comstock, Shelbyville, Ind.; Virginia Wales, Lanark, Ill.; Eva Roberts, Los Angeles, Cal.; Lois Linebarger, Elwood, Ill.; Helena Griffis, Cayey, Porto Rico; Miss Irma Boston, Joliet, Ill.; Mrs. Frances Walker Clark, Calamus, Iowa; Dell Henry, Bourbon, Ill.; Celestine Dahmen, Vevay, Ind.; Vesta Grimes, New York, N.Y.; Mrs. Pricilla Pollock Bell, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Josephine G. Allen, Pekin, Ill.; Thelma Coffey, Chicago; Louise Featherstone, Sioux City, Iowa.

MARRIAGES

Miss Lucile Hirsch to Mr. Louis Wolf, on December 19, Toledo, Ohio.

On January 29, Miss Iona Bickelhaupt, '12, to Mr. H. H. Franko in Mt. Carroll.

Miss Jessie Duff, Bismarck, N.D., on January 1, to Mr. Samuel Wickham Corwin.

Miss Georgetta Marion Shippy, '06, 6421 Kenwood Ave., Chicago, to Mr. Charles Palmer Landt, on January 12. After March 1, Mr. and Mrs. Landt will be at home at Norman, Okla., where Mr. Landt is an important stock-raiser. He is a graduate of the University of Illinois.

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REV. WM. P. McKEE, Dean

Mt. Carroll, Illinois

After coffee the girls must go into the study-hall, where the governess presides. Letter-writing, except for an hour on Sundays, is forbidden, reading is forbidden, talking, laughing, note-writing, everything pleasant is forbidden. So the days drag wearily on with never a ray of happiness—unless it is here and there some forbidden act—such as a stolen visit to Schatzi's and Joey's good friend, old Elise, the cook, who tremblingly gives them a dish of prunes on the sly, watching all the while that no one comes.

Supper, as dreary as the other meals, is served at seven o'clock and after that the girls must gather around the dining-room table and sew. At nine o'clock both sisters Schauss come in, deliver some final threats and scoldings, and then prayers are read, and then it's bedtime. There is no light in the bedrooms but that of candles. Each week one candle and sixteen matches are put in each room and these must last until the next week. If any one is wasted, lost, or does not burn, then darkness is the penalty. Tonight as we invisibly follow Shatzi and Joey, and little flaxen-haired Emmchen into their room, we see them strike their last match, it flickers a moment, and then goes out. The three little girls will have to get undressed in the dark tonight. They grope around as best they can and finally, just as Mademoiselle comes to the door, they jump under their big feather beds and the day is over. Say good-night to little Schatzi, Reader, but don't—*please don't*—think her a baby if you find a tear or two on her pillow. Nightmares are hard to bear after we have had happy, beautiful dreams.

And now, Reader, we have just one more journey to make, and one more visit to Schatzi. Next June we shall sail back across the ocean to our own America and shall spend a day with her at Frances Shimer.

[To be continued]

Coasting

BY LOIS WAITE

Girl of the small town, can you ever forget the joys of coasting? Don't you remember how, after an all-day's snow, there was a sudden clearing, the moon broke forth in all its splendor, and then there was the hastily summoned coasting party? You bundled up in all the warmest clothing which the family could supply, for hadn't your father just come in with the report that the mercury was falling swiftly? Then, with the tinkle of sleigh-bells you were off in a good old-fashioned bobsled with a whole party of young folks. The ride was just long enough to be invigorating and not allow you to become too cold. Then you arrived at the hill. Don't you remember that old hill with its slick

Yes, your arrival at the little station fully equaled all your expectations, for you were a person of importance as one, of possibly five, away at school that year. The big black horses, trotting in front of the old red bus in which three traveling salesmen rode, preceded you down the street—past lumber yards and grain elevators up to Main Street. It seemed that everyone was up town for your especial benefit, and you smiled so much that the tension relaxed and you began to feel comfortable. Even the narrow streets and unpretentious store buildings added to your “homey” feeling. From Henry, the butcher (who greeted you with, “Well, how does it seem to be educated?”), to flighty little Dorothy Gates (who simperingly queried “Do you ever have more than six dances in one week?”), all gave you friendly and interested greetings. The spiteful remark of the town gossip to her friend, the *News* reporter, about “some folks as got stuck-up over goin’ off to school,” didn’t mar your happiness in the least. It was as you had expected.

Down one block more, you saw your very own house, half-hidden by those tall cottonwoods. Just then, more than ever, you were glad that instead of Shelbyville or Bryan, *this* was your home town and mine.

A Letter

FROM CLARA LOUISE WALKER, ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

That a complete revolution has taken place in Frances Shimer, that the old régime has passed entirely away, giving place to a new atmosphere and attitude of pupils and teachers within the past eight months, is, I suppose, impossible. Therefore I shall presume that everything is very much as I left it last June; that cruelly long hard lessons from heartlessly hard teachers are as much in prominence as ever (*in conversation*); that the food is consumed with as much complaining (*and appetite*) as formerly; that the exhaustion (*and good health*) resulting from compulsory athletics is continuing, in general, that the management, which any one of the girls would, I assure you, change completely were she in power, is meeting with its usual fine success.

Now I shall try not to be “mucklish” any more but drive right to the point, namely, that since I have been in North Carolina, I have become intensely interested in the mountain people and want to tell you something about them and the school for mountain girls which is located here in Asheville.

First let us consider the homes of the mountaineers, some of which I have been privileged to see from the inside. They lie hidden away in the coves and crevices of the mountains, often visible only to those who

character as that of their mothers. The regulation hard lessons are only a part of the day's program. The girls do nearly all the housework of the school. Let us consider what this means. First, each girl must care for her own room. Then there is the rest of the building to be kept clean and orderly, the cooking to be done, the tables set, the dishes washed, and the meals served. In order to facilitate this work each girl is assigned a task which she does for six weeks under the supervision of the matrons. At the end of this time the schedule is rearranged so that each girl is allotted a new task. The result is that every girl has a thorough knowledge of domestic science at the end of the year. However, the arrangement makes us smile as we recall the old rules of the Benedictines, and we wonder if the girls who are entering upon their term of service in the kitchen do not kneel at the kitchen door as did the monks of old and murmur, "Make haste, O Lord, make haste to deliver me, O Lord." Besides this, each girl does her own washing and ironing in the school laundry. Does this not make shampooing our own hair seem a mere recreation?

The Seniors in the normal department, like us, have their "Senior privileges." Perhaps the most important of them is the teaching of the little tots from five to nine years old, for this school is for girls of all ages. The Seniors do all the teaching of these little children. Although this seems like a big task, it probably consumes little more than the Frances Shimer privileged girls spend in enjoying their greatest privilege.

Now do not think that these girls are abused, for, on the contrary, they are blessedly healthy and happy. Most of them feel that coming to this school is the most wonderful thing that can ever happen to them. They have their Y.W.C.A. literary societies, and pageants on Christmas, on Easter, and in June. On May Day, I am told, they have a festival very like the Frances Shimer celebration. Perhaps one reason they are not miserable and complaining is because they have not time. "Keep working" seems to be the receipt for the happiness of many. Even in Frances Shimer I think we shall find that the busiest people are the happiest.

night, he is the vigilant watchman. You hear his bark sounding a warning whenever any intruder approaches.

Therefore the next time you see Towser mounting guard over a hole from which a rabbit has long since fled, do not laugh. Think of all he has passed through, and let him indulge in the pleasing delusion that he is a mighty hunter.

Hesper Notes

December 5.—Miss Pierson read two delightful Christmas stories by John Kendrick Bangs.

December 12.—Dean McKee spoke upon current events.

January 9.—Dean McKee led. After playing the "Hallelujah Chorus" on the victrola he spoke on "Preparedness."

January 16.—Dean McKee spoke on "Friendship."

January 23.—The service was in charge of the Y.W.C.A. Miss Inglis led. Her subject was "Getting Acquainted with Your Family."

January 30.—Miss Lilly read selections from *A Hilltop on the Marne*, by Mildred Aldrich.

February 6.—Dean McKee led. He used William James's famous chapter for a discussion of habit.

Chapel Exercises

An extract from the love scene of Shakespeare's *King Henry V* was enacted by Miss Ruth Hildebrandt as King Henry of England suing for the hand of Miss Ruth Shannon as Katherine of France. His love suit was partially interpreted by Miss Julia Cargill as Katherine's Lady in Waiting. This little sketch was given Friday morning, December 10.

On Friday morning, December 17, Miss Monks sang "Holy Night."

"Eat enough, but not too much, exercise in the open air, and don't get the grippe," was the parting injunction of the Dean at the last chapel exercise before the Christmas holidays.

The first Friday after vacation, January 7, was marked by the reading of *Patsy* by Miss Geraldine White.

On January 14, Miss Schuster told us the interesting story of the opera *Die Walküre*, from which the record, "The Battle Cry," presented by the history of music class, was played.

A new record for the victrola, the overture from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, was enjoyed by the school on Friday morning, January 21.

On Tuesday morning, January 24, the Dean spoke on "Study." The entire school seemed industrious at this time; all were preparing

Mummers; vocal and instrumental music; and a selection from Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. The refreshments were punch and individual chocolate cakes, each bearing a tiny lighted candle. There was an illuminated Christmas tree and a real Santa Claus who, with his pack, appeared in the midst of the festivities, and after being assured by Dean McKee that all the children had been good, took from the tree a red stocking full of goodies for each. Then he tossed up his pack and the one who caught it took off the outside wrapper, keeping the gift which appeared. The bundle was again tossed up and a gift dropped out for someone else. There was much merriment for all, especially when one girl received a cake of soap and another a lemon, and the guests departed in a jolly mood.

Serial

The Academic Seniors had an exciting meeting on February 3 to receive class pins.

Miss Pierson, class counselor, entertained the College Sophomores in Hathaway parlor Monday afternoon, January 17.

Miss Eleanor Brown, class counselor, entertained the Academic Juniors at a five o'clock tea, January 13, in her room in West Hall.

On January 30 the Academic Sophomores took Sunday evening supper in Eunice Shannon's room.

The Academic Freshmen gave a luncheon to the Juniors on February 7 in College Hall. Dancing followed.

The Freshmen entertained themselves with chocolates and sandwiches and dancing Saturday evening, January 20.

Jenny Dufau in Recital

An event of unusual interest was the song recital given by Jenny Dufau of the Chicago Opera Company, Tuesday evening, January 11, in Metcalf Hall. The enthusiastic reception accorded the singer must, in a large measure, have compensated for the lack of attendance owing to unfavorable weather. Mlle Dufau, in a varied program of French, English, German, and Irish songs, which gave to music-lovers of all tastes something for their delectation, completely won the hearts of her listeners. Endowed with a voice of silvery vocal quality and liberal range, her fine interpretive powers and musicianly instinct enabled her to present the program with a wide variety of expression that precluded monotony. Perhaps one could have wished for more of the heavier numbers, so charmingly did she give the "Aria" from *La Traviata* and so conclusively did she prove her claim to the title of coloratura soprano. The artist attracted her audience not only with

amusing exams. You see, our movies have an advantage over ordinary ones. We don't have to go to see just any and every kind of pictures that come along. We decide what we want and when we want it and then (unless the board of censors disapproves) the films are ordered. And oh what bliss when the time comes to go! If it is cold, we are glad that we have to skip just over to Metcalf and do not have to walk way down to the village (unless, of course we be a little academy girl who wants to walk as far as possible with her adored college friend). Oh, I must not forget to mention that sometimes the taxi calls for certain favored members of the faculty. Yes, of course we have a taxi; it holds five passengers who always feel much elevated sitting almost six inches above the ground and being whizzed over the snow at the most enormous rate of speed that can be produced by human being, viz., one small Academy girl. Moreover we have an orchestra with our pictures. It consists of *two* many pieces to enumerate, but piano and drum, both played by members of our own school, make a combination that is much to the liking of all who have heard it.

Now you surely can see how deeply in love we all are with our dear Simplex. Hooray for our movies and long may they live at F.S.S.!



Heard in Virgil class: "Ascanius was fed on stars." Evidently Aeneas believed in a "light" diet for children.

M.: "Oh, hum! I should like to lie down for the rest of the meal."

B. (on the side): "She comes pretty near doing it anyway."

The Latest in Economy at F.S.S.

Member of the staff (reading proof): "Let's transpose that phrase and save the commas."

Aspiring poetess with dreamy eyes (addressing member of the staff): "I am thinking of writing a poem for the next number of *The Record*."

Member of staff: "Good! we need some more stuff for the joke department."

Mary Baldwin Miscellany.—We enjoyed your December number very much, and hope you will continue to exchange with us. Your literary department is unusually good.

Tech Quarterly.—Yours is a new and interesting magazine. Your "Fashion Notes" is an unusual department for a school paper.

Phaethra and Tapir.—We like your literary department. The stories are fine.

Tabula.—Your magazine is well balanced, but your print is hard to read.

Ogontz Mosaic.—The pictures in your January number make it unusually interesting.

Blaze.—Do you not devote too much space to football?

We are glad to receive the *College Greetings*, the *Alma Mater*, the *Recorder*, and the *Young Eagle*.

The Scattered Family

Gladys Funk is at home at Shirley, Ill.

Constance Ware continues her studies at Stout Institute, Menomonie, Wis.

Miss Bernice Daly is studying at Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa.

The present address of Mabel Richardson is 302 North Pine St., Chicago, Ill.

Miss Lynne Waddell, '95, is principal of the Albright Public Schools, Albright, W.Va.

Miriam Sampson's, '13, present address is Galena, Ill., where she has a private kindergarten.

Mrs. Timothy J. Clarke (Frances Walker) sends greetings and tells of her enjoyment of the *Record*.

Mrs. W. E. Briggs (Elva Calkins) writes from her home, 4525 South Dupont Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Cecil B. Hull, here in 1913, is living in Le Roy, Ill., and writes of a friend who may enter Frances Shimer.

A hearty letter of good wishes comes from Mrs. B. A. Kingsley (Mary Hatch, '88-'92) of McGregor, Iowa.

Marguerite Higgins, '13, is teaching in the Hall Township High School at Spring Valley, Ill., and writes of a pleasant year.

Miss Elizabeth Connor, a Frances Shimer teacher six years ago, is taking the training course in the public library in Los Angeles.

Anna Davis Durlacher, '02, is living in Aurora, Ill. She has two boys, David, three and one-half years old, and James, seven months old.

Word comes from Martha Green that her sister, Carolyn, after a long and trying siege of typhoid fever, is improved and that the doctor says her general condition is somewhat better.

Miss Helen Geiseman, '12, Shannon, Ill., is teaching music in Shannon and is also studying piano with Mr. Maurice Aronson, formerly assistant to Mr. Leopold Godowsky of Chicago.

A helpful letter of suggestions comes from Eva Roberts dated January 29, stating that she thought it would greatly add to the *Record* if we could have more contributions from the alumnae.

Mabel Lloyd Hughes, Oxford, Ohio, comments on the "Man" dance at Frances Shimer as an indication of our progress. She is an enthusiastic booster of Western College, Oxford, Ohio, as well as of F.S.S.

Miss Jeanne Boyd of Chicago has arranged to give a recital in Mt. Carroll on February 18. All her Mt. Carroll and Frances Shimer friends are very proud of the progress and success she has made with her music.

Elda Platt, '14, of Waterton, Iowa, visited Frances Shimer over the week end of February 5. Her visit was a pleasant surprise to all the old girls and new ones too. She is a student at the State Normal, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

A letter from Dorothy Wright tells of plans for studying music in Evanston, Ill., next summer and promises a visit to Frances Shimer at Commencement time. She is teaching in her home town, Columbia, S.D., at the present time.

A most interesting letter from Mrs. J. D. Kirkland (Georgia Cory), here in 1910, Hamlin, Tex., was received recently. She writes of the beauties of rural life in the South and has promised to write an article on Texas for us in the near future.

The *Custer County Chief* announces the death of Gladys Bass of Anselmo, Neb., on November 16, 1915. She was a favorite among pupils and teachers during the year 1912-13. After leaving here she spent a year at Wesleyan University, Lincoln, Neb.

Miss Marie Hofer is a prominent member of the Faculty of Pestalozzi-Froebel Kindergarten Training School, 616-622 Michigan Blvd., Chicago. Her sister, Mrs. Bertha Hofer Hegner, is superintendent. The school has had a successful history of eighteen years.

At a large family dinner party given on Christmas Day, Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Pierson of Flint, Mich., announced the engagement of their daughter, Berneda, College '13-'15, to Dr. Ralph James Frackelton of Ann Arbor, Mich. Miss Pierson is at present a Junior in the University of Michigan.

Marian Hallet Jones, '02, after several years' residence in the Philippines where her husband was in the government service is now living at 537 Fullerton Parkway, Chicago. She writes of being happily surprised recently by a visit from Mrs. Isabelle Cleveland Hersey, '02-'04, of Des Moines, Iowa.

A Christmas fire is full of lovely things
That other fires know not. And watching it
I see, yet do not see, in golden flame
And gray-blue rising smoke, a myriad host
Of angel faces, bright and sweet and glad.
The blessed ghost of the guiding star gleams forth
An instant, and is gone. The fading coals
Make little hollows all aglow with light,
Like manger-caves. Then come the wise men, robed;
The shepherds paying wondering homage there,
The shining, calm-eyed virgin—and the Child.
Now all about me holy voices rise,
With mystic music mingled, high and clear,
And with it all there creeps within my heart
A sense of peace—and trust—and love—and God!

—MABEL LLOYD HUGHES, '18

From *The Western*, Oxford, Ohio

Miss Hughes belongs to the class of '14, Frances Shimer School.

Many holiday greetings were received by the Dean and Mrs. McKee from former pupils, teachers, and other school friends, including Gladys D. Smith, Paynesville, Ohio; Jeanne M. Boyd, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Melgaard, Thief River Falls, Minn.; Marie V. Berlin, Chicago; Elizabeth Percy, Oshkosh, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sawyer, Lincoln, Neb.; Margaret Powell, Chicago; Vivian Lowrey, Pasadena, Cal.; Miss Elsie Morrison, Milwaukee, Wis.; Edwina N. Myers, Chicago; Elda M. Platt, Waterloo, Iowa; Katherine Barrett, Chicago; J. Marie Melgaard, Argyle, Minn.; Marguerite Higgins, Champaign, Ill.; Emma Percy, Oshkosh, Wis.; Howard Harper McKee, Tulsa, Okla.; Margaret Ruhl, Des Moines, Iowa; Madeleine Sloane, Keithsburg, Ill.; Doris Leach, Minneapolis, Minn.; Belle G. Bement, Kilburn, Wis.; Annette Hutchison, Mineral Point, Wis.; Eunice and Dr. E. R. Shannon, Waterloo, Iowa; Clara Seybold, Winona, Ind.; Ruth Shannon, Chicago; Vivian Shumway, Arlington, Iowa; Dorothy Fargo, Lake Mills, Wis.; Miss Nelle E. Monks, Springfield, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. John Crocker, Maroa, Ill.; Mrs. E. K. McCullough, Lincoln, Neb.; Carolyn Shaffner, Chicago; Rev. and Mrs. William J. Peacock, La Crosse, Wis.; Mary and Mr. D. H. Fishburn, Grand Island, Neb.; Julia B. Hickman, Benton, Ill.; Miss Edna A. Howard, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Mary L. Patton, Chicago; Iona Bickelhaupt, Mt. Carroll; Elizabeth Darnell, Boston, Mass.; Margery Graham, Pueblo, Colo.; Ruth Hastings, Spencer, Iowa; Mrs. Maude Hagberg Okkelberg, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Miss Corinne Bragg, Shelbyville, Mo.; Brenda White, Boulder, Colo.; Mrs. Hazel Cooper Lynch, Alamosa, Colo.; Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Prentice, Chicago; Mariam Flint, Dickens, Iowa; Miss Harriet Lee, Evanston, Ill.; Berneda, Caryl, and Dorothy Pierson, Flint, Mich.; Ella Norris, Marshalltown, Iowa; Hazel M. Leighty, Garden Grove, Iowa; Edna Ames, Riverside, Cal.; Dorothy Wright, Columbia, S.D.; Mary Sturges; Mary W. Brigham, Des Moines, Iowa; Esther S. Birch, Litchfield, Minn.; Gladys White, Mineral Point, Wis.; Naoma F. Newell, LaGrange, Ill.; Martha White, Silver City, N.M.; Catherine

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